

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

A LOST DOLL BABY.

My doll baby's missing
Since earliest morn;
Sometimes I'm sorry
She ever was born.

I've hunted and hunted
All over the house,
In crannies and nooks
Too small for a mouse;

Down in the meadow
And under the trees—
Ask'd all the butterflies,
Ask'd all the bees.

Where is the bell-man?
Oh! what shall I do?
Get out a hand-bill?
Pray, sir, would you?

Mamma's not worried;
For, as I went past,
All that she said was:
"Where had you her last?"

Doesn't she suppose
That if I knew
I'd go and get her
Without this ado?

—Frank H. Stauffer, in *Good Housekeeping*.

CARELESS LUCY.

Some Funny Mistakes, and One That Had No Laugh in It.

Lucy Lockwood was eight years old; and I suppose you never saw a little girl who could skip a rope or run a race any faster than she could, or one who could learn her lessons any better—when she tried. There was the trouble with Lucy; she did not always try. She had a sad habit of "thinking of something else" at exactly the wrong time.

It was so in church. She meant to listen to the sermon, but her mind was apt to stray away; and if any of the family asked her afterward for the text, it was a strange medley they heard from little Lucy. For example, Dr. Palmer preached one morning from the words: "But whose shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

"Did you listen to the sermon this morning?" asked Jack, after dinner.

"Of course I did."

"Do you know the text?"

"Of course I do," answered Lucy, feeling unusually well prepared.

"You must put a millstone round your neck, and jump into the water."

Jack laughed very loud.

"Well, if you don't hear with your elbows! What is the sense in such a text as that?"

"I don't know; I thought it was funny, and I didn't like the sermon much; but that was almost just the very thing he said," persisted Lucy, ready to cry.

"He said that was what you must do if you wanted to be good."

One day Mrs. Lockwood, who was not well, dispatched little Lucy to a shoe store to ask the merchant if he would kindly send her a pair of boots to try on.

"Common-sense boots, number four. Do you think you can remember, dear?"

Yes, indeed, Lucy was sure she could remember "common sense," and so, indeed, she did; the word she forgot was "boots."

When she reached the store she looked up in the merchant's face and asked, in her quick way: "Have you any common sense, sir?"

which was certainly a strange query from a pleasant, polite little girl to a man five times her own age, let her think what she might of his brains; and it was hardly strange that Mr. Mead laughed, although Lucy thought it very unkind.

She hastened then to add "boots," but by that time she had forgotten the number. She thought it was eight, but Mr. Mead advised her to run home and inquire.

Her aunt sent her once for a brush of camel's hair to paint with; and when Lucy reached the art store she called breathlessly for a "hair-brush," adding, as an after-thought: "A camel's hair-brush, I mean."

Why was it that the clerk looked so amused? And wasn't it very rude of him to ask: "Does your father keep wild animals, little miss?"

But she made a mistake once at which nobody laughed—a mistake which came near proving very serious indeed. One autumn evening when her play-fellow, brother Jack, was gone, and she was feeling rather lonesome, it suddenly occurred to her that she wanted an apple, and must have one that very minute.

"Very well," said her mother, "there are plenty in the pantry."

"Oh, but, mamma, it is a golden pippin I want! one of those golden pippins that you told Tom to put in the pink chamber closet."

Mrs. Lockwood looked up from her sewing in some surprise. How happened Lucy to know about the golden pippins?

"May I have one, mamma?"

"Yes, if you can wait for me to go up stairs; but I am very busy just now."

"Can't you trust me to go my own self, mamma? Not with a lamp, you know, but Jane will light me a candle."

"Will you be very sure not to carry the candle into the closet?"

"Oh, no, indeed! Oh, yes, indeed! I mean; and I'll be—oh, so careful!"

"Well, if you will remember to set the candle down by the chamber door, I think there will be no danger."

"Yes, I will," said Lucy, and danced away joyfully. She held the candle aloft, and peered rather cautiously about the pink chamber.

"Nothing to be afraid of here! Mamma talks to me about lamps and things just as if I was a baby, but I guess she'll find out I know as much as Jack! I can 'take care,' of course I can! I mind all she says, I mind

beautifully. Now I wouldn't forget what she told me about this candle, not for anything! She told me to set it down by the closet door."

Ah, Lucy, a mistake already! She told you the chamber door!

"I remember a great deal better than Jack does; Jack can't remember eight times nine to save his life—I wonder if Tom covered up the apples with the great big apple-rug? I think he did."

She opened the closet door, the candle still in her hand. What a delicious odor from the golden pippins! Certainly there never were any other half so nice! Yes they were covered up with the rug. Then what did she do with her candlestick? She set it down and knelt right in front of it, the bottom almost touching the skirt of her frock. But as she thrust her hand eagerly into the basket under the rug, she forgot there was any thing in the world but apples. That candlestick, with the candle in it, was as far away from her thoughts, to say the least, as the moon in the sky. But the candle did not forget. It is the duty of a lighted candle to set fire to any thing that is put in its way; and presently, when Lucy by a quick movement thrust her skirt right into the flame of the candle, what could you expect but a blaze?

Before Lucy had selected her apples, a work of time, the blaze was creeping up the back of her dress. She knew nothing about it till the smell of burning woolen reached her nostrils, and at the same instant she felt a dreadful sensation of heat, and knew that she was on fire!

She screamed with all her might; "Mamma! Mamma! Fire! Fire!"

Oh, how far it was down stairs to the parlor! Could mamma hear?

No, if she had been in the parlor she could not have heard; and then what might have happened! I dare not so much as fancy. But Mrs. Lockwood had not felt quite safe about Lucy, and had followed her up stairs some time ago. She was on the upper landing when the child called; she heard her first cry, and flew at once to her aid. I rejoice to say that the flames had not reached Lucy's hair. Her mother wrapped her in the "apple-rug," which was quite ruined by the means, as well as the pretty red frock; but the dear child herself was unharmed.

"O mamma," she afterwards said, with a shudder, "I don't wonder you call me a careless girl, and won't let me touch lamps! I should think you'd tie my feet and hands with a rope; yes, I should!"

"Too bad I burnt up that pretty 'apple-rug'; but then, oh dear, mamma, just think, you know—if there hadn't been any 'apple-rug'!" —Sophie May, in *Congregationalist*.

A VICTORY.

A Little Girl Learns How Sweet It Is to Conquer That Which is Wrong.

She was a daisy little girl, with large brown eyes and yellow hair. She lived in a Connecticut village. She had a darling mamma and papa, a little brother and sister, and what no girl can spare, a grandfather's home where she was always the center of love, devotion and care. Sometimes the days were just long hours of happiness, and sometimes they were ages of misery. Now, why was there this great difference? I will tell you the secret. This darling little girl was possessed by a habit that made all about her miserable, and herself more miserable than any one else. If she was allowed to have her own way she made life delightful for every one about her, but if she was refused any request, or forbidden to do that which she wished to do, she made everybody about her wretched. Oh! the ear-piercing screams, the poundings and kickings, that followed any attempt to prevent her carrying out her wish! How hard everybody about her tried to help the little girl to overcome this terrible temper! But her best help was in her own warm heart. The day came at last when she must go to school among strangers. How anxiously was her return waited for; but she came home smilingly, and with no trace of the ugly temper that caused so much unhappiness. Several days went by and no cloud appeared; but one day our little girl wished to do that which was against the rule of the school. She wished to take home her book. The teacher told her she could not. That was all that was needed to raise a tempest, which so frightened the teacher that she gave her consent. The little girl picked up the book and started for home. When she reached the door she looked back, saw the expression on the teacher's face, and at once turned, laid the book on the teacher's desk, and said: "I've been very naughty; please forgive me," and ran home to her mother, on whom she threw herself, saying: "I've got a victory!" and then told her mamma of her struggle. She had gained the victory, and since that day has gained many. Very rarely now are there cloudy days in that little girl's home, for she has learned how sweet it is to conquer that which is wrong. —*Christian Union*.

—A calf without eyes or tail was recently born on an Oregon ranch. Although blind, it will not run into anything. It is kept in a corral alone, and will start to run toward one of the fences, and when within a few feet will stop, turn in another direction and go through the same performance. It will act the same toward a stream of water. The skin which covered the eyes was lanced, but no signs of the eye were visible.

MORAL CONDUCT.

Some Searching Questions and Conclusive Answers.

How does physical welfare affect moral conduct?

This question is agitating the minds of the best men of our country. Judges, scientists, legislators are discussing it in private, as well as the workmen, the bankers, and the clergy.

Our country, like the rest of the world, is fast filling up with men having anarchical ideas, and with other social and political extremists.

May not our morbid tendencies come from disease of the mind, caused by disease of the body? Are they not due to some deranged organ, which, in its enfeebled state, diffuses poison through the system, thus affecting the mind?

It is a long established fact that bodily disease causes most cases of insanity and "softening of the brain." The medical profession claims that the kidneys are the principal health-bearing organs of the body. If they are diseased they do not perform their proper functions and expel the poisonous matters. If these are retained and recirculated through the system they produce most of our common derangements.

We have published in our columns, from time to time, remarkable accounts of restoration to health from all manner of disease (even of insanity, caused as above stated) by the use of Warner's safe cure. There is no doubt that this is the most popular remedy offered for sale, and from the very best information we can obtain, the sale of it continues to increase.

Why is this?

Public sentiment, as a rule, is a fair and just criterion. We find this safe cure in the largest cities, and in the most remote parts of the world. Its merits are proclaimed by the consumers, as well as the vendors. Miss Carrie L. Wallis of Beverly, Mass., is reported to have been desperately ill from general female derangements for years, and to have been restored to, and kept in excellent health by this wonderfully popular remedy, and Miss Lillie Stephens of 1225 Third Street, Louisville, Ky., was raised by it from her death-bed, when her physicians said she was incurable.

A prominent gentleman, high in official position, said to us the other day, that if he was governor, and a petition for pardon was presented to him, he would require a thorough investigation, as to the physical health of the criminal at the time the crime was committed. In view of such facts, the recommendation of such a remedy are well worth consideration.

The solution of the relation of moral conduct to physical health, ought to be well established in the minds of all, and our statesmen should be prepared to meet the issues growing out of when they appear.

A Bridge Across the Channel.

Now that the Channel tunnel scheme has been knocked on the head, an endeavor is to be made—so the French engineering journals say—to build a bridge over the Straits of Dover.

We have heard something of the kind before, but the world is now favored with a few details of this interesting project. The bridge would start from a point on the French coast between Cape Grisez and Ambleteuse, and end at Folkestone. It would be thirty-five kilometers in length, would cost a milliard to build, and would be completed in seven years. It would be high enough for the largest vessels to pass beneath it, and "in time of war it could easily be blown up."

M. Hersent, who had a good deal to do with the cutting of the Suez Canal, is said to be the sponsor of this wild scheme. —*St. James' Gazette*.

WINTER EXCURSIONS via Missouri Pacific railway will be run to Texas, Florida and Southern points, and to all California points, with choice of routes returning. Side trips from El Paso to City of Mexico, with liberal stop-overs. Four daily trains Kansas City to St. Louis, 8:00 a.m., 8:10 p.m., 8:35 p.m., 9:30 p.m. with free reclining chairs and Pullman buffet parlor and sleeping cars. Connections made in Union Depot, St. Louis (no transfers) for all points east and south. Daily trains to Omaha, Nebraska City and Lincoln. Two daily trains to Wichita and Kansas points. Two daily trains to Texas and California. Five trains to Atchison and St. Joseph. Railroad tickets and ocean steamship tickets to and from all parts of Europe.

J. H. LYON, W. P. A. M. Pac. Ry., Kansas City, Mo.

BARANA and BORRERA sound a good deal alike, and they are both mighty slippery. —*Washington Critic*.

SAFE, permanent and complete are the cures of bilious and intermittent diseases, made by Prickly Ash Bitters. Dyspepsia, general debility, habitual constipation, liver and kidney complaints are speedily eradicated from the system. It disinfects, cleanses and eliminates all malaria. Health and vigor are obtained more rapidly and permanently by the use of this great natural antidote than by any other remedy heretofore known. As a blood purifier and tonic it brings health, renewed energy and vitality to a worn and diseased body.

"Our ice is going off like hot cakes," says an ice dealer. Hot cakes of ice must be something of a novelty. —*Texas Siftings*.

Don't hawk and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

The pale of society—face powder.

A JUDGE was recently maimed, paraded as it may appear, by the court plaster falling on him. —*Puck*.

The school-boy who tries in vain to conjugate verbs is a first-rate example of intense stupidity. —*Merchant Traveler*.

The first head coverings were made of hide, and people hide their heads now, frequently. —*Texas Siftings*.

JAIL-birds are of the same stripe. —*Puck*.

A CALF can not go into society without revealing himself.

"Be composed," as the type-sticker said to the copy. —*Texas Siftings*.

"I FEEL very much put out by such discouraging treatment," said the small boy, who had just made quick exit from the angry farmer's apple-orchard. —*Golden Days*.

It takes the Irish to "wake" the dead.

FOREST winds sigh: "Nothing but leaves."

YOUNG Mr. Algernon Pell—"I want to get a pair of low shoes." New Boy—"Yes; something for about seventy-five cents!" —*Tid-Bits*.

"If I can not have the fat of the land, I can take a little lean," said a philosophical tramp, as he leaned against a lamp-post. —*N. Y. Ledger*.

A JOURNEYMAN BOOT-TAPPER is a sole jox.

A BUILDING LOT—The beavers. —*Puck*.

POOTS explained to a friend that the reason he didn't object to the bartender blowing the foam off his glass of beer, was because he didn't like to be seen blowing his own horn. —*Texas Siftings*.

"Dust thou art, to dust returneth," remarked the servant girl, as she picked up the feather brush. —*Merchant Traveler*.

Better than a Hero.

"What a coward that Major Smith is," said Jones to Robinson, "why, the very sight of gun-powder would make him ill. How did he ever manage to become an officer in the army?" "Don't say anything against Smith," answered Robinson, "he once saved my life."

"Nonsense, impossible! What do you mean?" "I mean that I was in the first stages of consumption; I was losing strength and vitality every day with the terrible disease, when Smith advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I had tried all kinds of medicines without success, and my physician had given me no hope; yet here I am, as well as ever a man was, and I owe my life to Smith, and to the wonderful remedy he recommended."

A SICK burglar is very loth to call a doctor, for fear that he may give him up. —*Texas Siftings*.

A Wonderful Food and Medicine.

Known and used by Physicians all over the world, Scott's Emulsion not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food that builds up the wasted body.

"I have been using Scott's Emulsion for several years, and it has done me more good than any other food or medicine I have taken. My patients say it is pleasant and palatable, and all grow stronger and gain flesh from the use of it. I use it in all cases of Wasting Diseases, and it is especially useful for children when nutrient medication is needed, as in Marasmus." —T. W. FLEMING, M. D., Knoxville, Ala.

EVERY one who is very loth to call a doctor, for fear that he may give him up. —*Texas Siftings*.

Reinstated!

Hard indeed is the lot of the unfortunate toiler who, in consequence of ill health, loses the task which won him and his family bread! But recovered through the aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and reinstated in his place, the client tells the great restorative! It is incomparable for debility, rheumatism, kidney and bladder complaints, fever and ague, and biliousness.

NO PART of a man will stand as many blows as his nose.

A Young Girl's Grief

At seeing her charms of face and form departing, and her health imperiled by functional irregularities, at her critical period of life, was turned to joy and gratitude after a brief self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It purified and enriched her blood, gave a healthy activity to the kidneys, stomach, bowels and other organs, and her return to robust health speedily followed. It is the only medicine for women, and by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturer, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

A POOR stick—most of the mudlarks at present in the market. —*Puck*.

THROAT DISEASES commence with a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat. "Brooks's Bronchial Troches" give immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.

SHIPS are frequently on speaking terms, and they lie to.

THE Pleasure of the bath is greatly enhanced by using Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c. The best.

THE milkman generally has the call. —*Puck*.

A CHICAGO druggist retailed over 100,000 "Tansil's Punch" or Cigars in four months.

LAMENT of the sidewalk—"Everybody is down on me."

THE best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

FOR ALL DISORDERS OF THE Stomach, Liver and Bowels

PACIFIC LIVER PILLS

STRICTLY VEGETABLE.

CURE CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, PILES, SICK HEADACHE, LIVER COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APPETITE, BILIOUSNESS, NEURALGIA, JAUNDICE, ETC.

PRICE, 25 CENTS. PACIFIC MANUFACTURING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Ely's Cream Balm

Gold in Head, Snuffles or CATARRH.

Apply Balm into each nostril.

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury, and all other poisonous ingredients. Agents: BRYAN, BUCK & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

CAN'T GO BEHIND THEM.



There is great intensity of the physical condition sometimes, and there are facts which we cannot go behind. In illustration further of facts which settle the points of a prompt and permanent cure, the following cases are cited: In 1884 Mrs. Mary K. Sheel suffered terribly with chronic neuralgia. She writes from 1110 Maryland Avenue, Washington, D. C. In the first instance she states: "I suffered terribly with neuralgia in the face; very severe attack extending to back and shoulders; suffered intensely. Tried St. Jacobs Oil; had parts well rubbed at night; in the morning all pain gone, magically." June 10, 1887, she writes from 224 Eleventh Street, S. W., as follows: "Four years ago I sent you a voluntary certificate setting forth the fact that I had been a great sufferer with neuralgia in my face, neck and shoulders. I obtained a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and after three applications I was entirely relieved from all pain, and from that time to the present I have never had a return. The cure was miraculous." Again, Feb. 6, 1887, Mr. R. G. Trol, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "In March, 1881, I suffered terribly with neuralgia; had suffered nearly three years. Applied St. Jacobs Oil at 8:15 A. M.; at 8:40 took the rag off; at 9 A. M. went to work. In less than five minutes after that the pain was gone. The one application cured me. Have not had return of it since." Mr. E. W. Spangler, York, Pa., June 17, 1887, writes: "Years ago had neuralgia; am not subject to it now. The cure by the use of St. Jacobs Oil was permanent. There has been no recurrence of the painful affliction." Chas. W. Law, Jr., Pottstown, Pa., April 19, 1887, writes: "Was troubled for years with neuralgia in neck and head. Tried St. Jacobs Oil; had tried different kinds of remedies without effect. One bottle of the former did the business. No return of pain and aches." In almost every instance the reports are the same.

Dr. W. H. HARRIS, the famous chemist, of Ithaca, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in a few days I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. HUSKING, Esq., 502 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was afflicted with catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nose. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, Runyon P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very bad. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

WIZARD OIL CURES RHEUMATISM.

Neuralgia, Headache, Sore Throat, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Lame Back, and All Pains of an Inflammatory Nature. Sold by Druggists. 50c. and \$1.00.

SONG BOOK MAILED FREE. Address WIZARD OIL CO., CHICAGO.

FOR PAIN

WALES Goodyear Shoe Co.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

When you want Rubbers of any style, call for the

WALE'S Goodyear

in order to get your money's worth. They make the most elegant styles of Specialties, and all their Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Aprons, Leather Goods, and all other styles have the most elegant finish, and are made from the best material, on the theory that merit will win in the end. And the fact that the growing demand for the WALE'S GOODYEAR RUBBERS has forced them to erect an immense new factory to enable them to meet the demand, shows that their theory is correct. All their orders, shows that their theory is correct. Other companies have endeavored to "steal their thunder" by applying the word "Goodyear" to cheap goods, so if you want good Rubbers buy only the WALE'S GOODYEAR.

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THE BEST TONIC

PERUVIAN STRENGTHENING ELIXIR.

Though pleasant to the taste, is not a beverage. Cures Fever and Ague, etc. Ask your Druggist for it. Manufactured by BARKER & PELL, Wholesale Druggists, St. Louis, Mo.

\$100 to \$300 A MONTH

can be made for you. Agents wanted who can furnish their own horses and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed. For particulars, in terms and conditions, apply to F. F. JOHNSON & CO., 233 Main St., Richmond, Va.

GOOD PAY FOR FARMERS

Guaranteed, Use Full Particulars. All Home or Traveling Agents. GUARANTEED CO., 125 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

The Original
DR. PIERCE'S
LITTLE
PEPPERS
OR
LIVER
PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS
ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR
LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, and sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a laxative, alternative, or purgative, these Little Pills give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE.

Bilious Headache, Stomach, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Inexpensive of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their salutary influence. Sold by druggists, 2